

Gallipolis Journal.

PUBLISHED BY JAMES HARPER.

"Truth and Justice."

[AT ONE DOLLAR IN ADVANCE]

Volume XIX.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, FEBRUARY 9, 1854.

Number 11.

The brilliant IDA LIVINGSTON again graces our columns:

[For the Gallipolis Journal.]

THE MIDNIGHT SHOWER.

Patter, patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter—goes the rain;
Never want a shiver taken,
That the sun will shine again.
Patter—patter—on the roof,
Patter—patter—goes the rain;
Thronging memories of my childhood,
Come in long, unbroken train.
Patter—patter—on the roof,
Patter—patter—goes the rain;
Many visions of the absent,
Fill my lonely heart again.
Patter—patter—on the roof,
Patter—patter—goes the rain;
Never felt so sweet assurance,
That there's pleasure in pain.
Patter—patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter, goes the rain;
Through a spectre-crowd of castles,
Castles that were razed in vain.
Patter—patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter, goes the rain;
See once more a phantom vessel,
Long been dashing on the main.
Patter—patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter, goes the rain;
In that barque are aspirations,
Held to earth with iron chain.
Patter—patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter, goes the rain;
Curtains drawn and scenes are shifted;
Pleasant memories come again.
Patter—patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter, goes the rain;
Loving words, and tones, and glances,
In a fair and smiling train.
Patter—patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter, goes the rain;
Visions of a sunny future,
Gaily flitting o'er my brain.
Patter—patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter, goes the rain;
Soothing, lulling, midnight music,
Consciousness upon the wane.
Patter—patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter, goes the rain;
Spirit can't thou bring no token;
Have thine hours been spent in vain?
Patter—patter, on the roof,
Patter—patter, goes the rain;
Sleep to-night to-morrow waken,
And begin thy life again.

IDA LIVINGSTON.

COAR'S MOUTH, VA.

SERENADE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

The moon is muffled in a cloud,
Shut folds the lover's star,
But still beneath thy balcony
I touch my soft guitar.
If thou art waking, lady dear,
The fairest in the land,
Unbar thy wailing lattice now,
And wave thy snowy hand.
She hears me not; her spirit lies
In trances mute and deep;
But music turns the golden key
Within the gate of sleep!
Then let her sleep, and if I fail
To set her spirit free,
My song will mingle with her dream,
And she will dream of me!

DREAMS.

Oh! there is a dream of early youth,
And it never comes again;
'Tis a vision of light, and life, and truth,
That flits across the brain;
And love is the theme, of that early
dream.
So wild, so warm, so new,
That in all after years I deem
That early dream was true.
And there is a dream of hoary age,
'Tis a vision of gold in store;
Of sums noted down, on the figured
page,
To be counted o'er and o'er;
And we fondly trust in our glittering
dust,
As a refuge from grief and pain,
Till our limbs are laid on that last dark
bed.
Where the wealth of the world is vain.
And is it thus, from man's birth to the
grave,
In the path where all are treading,
Is there nought in that long career to
save
From remorse or self-upbraiding?
Oh yes, there's a dream so pure, so
bright,
That the being to whom it is given
Hath bathed in a sea of living light;
And the theme of that dream is HAVEN.

"How shall I treat my husband?"
enquires a fair correspondent. Answer:
make him mind you. Sould him if he
don't; if that won't do, shed a few
heart-felt tears in the presence of com-
pany over his conduct; or go to some
neighboring gossip, and tell of his faults;
—you will have treated him then ac-
cording to the "latest custom" in soci-
ety, and that's enough for any affec-
tionate wife to do.

AN OLD BOY.—HENRY VANDING, who
crossed the plains in 1852, is now liv-
ing in Oregon, at the age of 82 years, is
 hale and hearty, and can make his fifty
ralls a day.

[From the American Union.]
THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER,
OR, OVERCOMING AN OBSTACLE.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.
CHAPTER I.

"Nay, nay, beautiful Evelyn, I love
you," exclaimed Eugene Walworth, to
the fair girl, whose arms entwined his
manly form.
"Ah, Eugene, you are rich, the son
of a proud father; I am the daughter of
a poor woodman, looking forward to no
heritage but a lifetime of toil and hard-
ship," replied Evelyn, throwing a
glance full of anxiety, as it was of love
and tenderness, upon him.

"I will redeem you from your desti-
ny; you shall escape the drudgery of
labor—you shall be a lady."
"Alas, I fear it can never be."
"It must be, dearest; these hands
were never formed to do a menial's of-
fice, nor the light of that beautiful eye
to be wasted upon a boor. No, love,
let me bear you away from these deso-
late woods."

"Where would you bear me, Eugene?"
"To New Orleans; we can be happy
there."

"Will you make me your wife, Eu-
gene?" and the delicate frame of the
maiden seemed to tremble with anxiety,
as she put the momentous question.

"You are suspicious, love; you do
not yet repose in confidence upon my
honor."

"Ah, Eugene, you love me; but is
your affection such as an honest maiden
can encourage? Nay, Eugene, you
shrink from me."

"On my life, I do not!"
"You cannot love the daughter of a
poor woodman," sighed Evelyn.

"As I love my own soul!"
"You will wed one of the proud
damsels of the circle in which you
move. Better, Eugene, that you go
now, than lead me to love where it can-
not be requited."

"Nay, Evelyn, you are cruel. I
love you, and can never forsake you!"
"Will you make me your wife?"
The young man hesitated.

"Ah, I knew it was so," said she, as
a brace of pearly tears slid down her
cheeks.

"My father would never consent to
such a union, beautiful Evelyn; but
we can still be happy."

"Nay, leave me then," returned the
disappointed maiden, as she attempted
to disengage herself from the embrace
of her lover.

"On my soul, Evelyn, I love you."
"As the wolf loves his prey."

"You are cruel; I would not harm
you for the world."

"Why have you spent a week in my
presence, won my heart, pleaded your
love till I confessed my existence was
bound up in you? Why have you re-
mained here, if you think not of mar-
riage?"

"I said not that marriage was impos-
sible; I only pointed out the distance
between our respective social positions."

"You would be ashamed of me, then,
in the bright hall of gayety and fash-
ion?"

"No, Evelyn, you are worthy to
walk the palace of a prince."

"I am not the ignorant being that
my station would seem to indicate. In
the silences of these woods, I have
attained that knowledge which the
world demands; and I have spent three
years in a boarding-school."

"Name not these things, dearest; the
heart careth not for them."

"I would prove myself worthy to be
your wife."

"You are worthy, my love," replied
Eugene, again enfolding her in his arms;
"I am an only son, but my father, who
is proud of his family name, would dis-
inherit me if I should marry beneath
my position."

"Then you love your wealth better
than you love me."

"You wrong me, Evelyn."

"Choose between it and me; promise
to make me your wife, or let us part
here, and now forever."

The devoted girl gazed fondly into
his face, while her heart almost over-
powered her with its anxious flutterings.

The conversation we have narrated
occurred at a wood-yard, on the banks
of the Mississippi. Eugene Walworth
had gone ashore, while the steamer in
which he was a passenger on his way to
the north, to spend the summer months,
was "wooding up." Wandering among
the lofty cotton woods on the banks of
the river, he had encountered Evelyn.

She was a beautiful creature, and his
senses were enchained. Gallantly ac-
counting her, a conversation had ensued,
in which he was surprised to find in her
a delicate taste and a cultivated mind,
far superior to the station to which she
belonged.

More beautiful than the princely
dames in whose society he moved, his
heart became interested in her. He
tarried long by her side, and when the
bell of the steamer summoned him to go
on board again, he found it difficult to
leave himself away. They walked to-
gether to the landing, but ere they
reached it the steamer was casting off
her fairs, and rounding out into the
stream. Hastening to recover the time
he had lost, he reached the bank just
as the bow was receding from the shore.

With a mad spring he attempted to
reach the boat, but was precipitated into
the river.

The swift current was carrying him
down, when the maiden of the wood-

yard, with a promptness that would have
done honor to the experience of a man,
sprang into a *batteau*, and pushed off to
his rescue.

She managed the boat with skill and
calmness, and in another moment Eu-
gene was safe. Assisting her to paddle
the boat to the shore, they landed, and
Evelyn conducted him to her father's
cabin.

The steamer backed in again; but no
passenger appeared, and after deposit-
ing Eugene's baggage upon the shore,
departed again. The young man, with
the weight of obligation that now rested
upon him, added to the strong interest
he had before felt in Evelyn, had no
desire to leave her so soon.

He spent a week at the wood-yard,
and the hearts of both were smitten—
Eugene loved her, though to what end
he hardly knew himself. But the fair
girl had begun to regard the future with
some interest, and had put in execution
her intention of knowing the purpose of
her lover.

On the following day Eugene took his
leave, with the promise to visit the
wood-yard again, and to endeavor to
overcome all obstacles to their mar-
riage.

CHAPTER II.

It is a trite saying, that "men are not
always what they seem to be." The
father of Evelyn, though a woodman,
was still the possessor of an abundance
of the goods of his world. In the oc-
cupation in which he had spent the
greater part of his lifetime, he had ac-
cumulated a handsome property, which
had been tripled by some fortunate
speculations in Memphis.

A love of his forest life, however,
had still caused him to cling to his
calling after he was well able to retire,
and live upon his income. His log
cabin was a comfortable abode; his wife
and daughter were contented and
happy, so that he had nothing to hope
for in a change of residence.

Ben Ballard, as he was familiarly
called, was a man of intelligence. He
had seen the world; had read and re-
flected a great deal. He was a sub-
scriber, too, to various newspapers and
magazines; and that, we take it, is what
makes men intelligent, contented, and
happy.

"And so, Evelyn, your fine gentle-
man has gone," said Mr. Ballard, who
had watched with deep interest the
movements of Eugene.

"He has, father," sighed Evelyn.

"I see how it is, girl; he has been
fooling with her."

"No, father," replied Evelyn blush-
ing.

"You love the fellow?"

"I do."

"What's the matter, then?"

"His father—"

"The old story! You are a poor girl,
and he has got a rich father," inter-
rupted the woodman; "but do you
really love him, Evelyn?"

"I do, as my life."

"Is he a worthy fellow—isn't he a
scapgrace?"

"Far from it."

"I am not exactly a beggar, you
know; did you tell him that?"

"No, father; I would not bribe him."

"Good! you have got the right
spunk."

Evelyn narrated the particulars of
the several interviews which had taken
place between herself and Eugene.

"I see it all," continued Mr. Ballard;
"you want to meet on the same footing.
You want to come together in the par-
lor of some nabob. If you really love
him, Evelyn, I can fetch it round all
right."

"You, father?"

"Mel sarin! look here. If that
chap had met you in the governor's
house, it would have been all right."

"Perhaps it is all right now."

"Doubtful; he is one of your 'first
family' folks, and looks down on the
daughter of a poor woodman—that is,
I look poor, I suppose them that don't
know, think I am."

"But he loves me, father."

"Well, perhaps he does."

"I know he does."

"Did he offer to marry you?"

Evelyn hesitated.

"That's the pint," continued the
woodman.

"Nay, father, he was honorable."

"What, to make love to a girl, and
not mean to marry?"

"He meant me no wrong."

"If I'd a thought he did, I'd pulled
out his heart afore he'd been here two
days," said the warm-hearted father,
earnestly.

"He did not, he told me his father
was rich and proud."

"Yes, yes, well, I think he was hon-
est. You pulled him out of the river,
and he ought to be grateful; but never
mind; pray, I'll make it all right."

"Evelyn, can you do, father?"
asked Evelyn, smiling, for the confident
tones of her father seemed to assure
her that her heart's longings should
yet be satisfied.

CHAPTER III.

Newport was in the full glory of the
fashionable season, and the annual
fancy ball, which had been eagerly an-
ticipated for weeks, had collected the
gay, brilliant, and beautiful from all
parts of the Union.

Eugene Walworth was one of the
gay revellers in that brilliant scene.—
He smiled and conversed with ease and

freedom, as though he had never met a
fair maid on the banks of the Missis-
sippi, as though his heart had never
promised fealty to the charms of a
woodman's beautiful daughter, in the
distant wilds of Arkansas.

But we would not do him injustice.
As his eye turned from one to another
of the brilliant ladies who honored the
revel, he saw not one whose form was so
delicately moulded—not one whose eyes
spoke so eloquently of hidden treas-
ures in the soul—not one whose smile
was so expressive as hers, upon whose
cheek nature had placed the forest rose.

He did think of her, but it was only
with a sigh at the distance which seemed
to divide their social positions.

The hall of the Ocean House blazed
with beauty. The fairest of the land
were there, and Eugene gaily joined
the throng. The dance went on, and
the poor, fickle youth—the loving heart
in the wilds of Arkansas, was forgotten
—at least, for the moment.

"Who is she?" murmured the crowd
around him, as he stood conversing with
a gay blonde in the garb of an Italian
peasant girl.

Eugene turned to behold one of the
most beautiful beings he had ever be-
held in his life. She was entering the
hall, leaning upon the arm of Colonel
Powell, one of the managers.

"Who is she?"

But not one was able to answer the
question.

She must be a lady of distinction if
she was plain, or Colonel Powell, a Missis-
sippi planter would not have become
her escort.

Eugene scanned across the hall to
obtain a nearer view of the brilliant
stranger; for a moment she was re-
moved by the crowd from his sight,
until he found himself standing close by
her side. She turned her head, and he
obtained a full view of her features.

Starting back with surprise he gazed
intently upon her. He had certainly
seen her before; her countenance was
perfectly familiar, and yet it could not
be she—no, no, it was impossible.

The manager had introduced her to
the throng around her, and she was
already engaged in an animated conver-
sation with a cavalier by her side.

Eugene gazed long and earnestly at
her. She was dressed in the magnif-
icent costume of a Circassian princess,
and her every movement was as grace-
ful as a fawn's in his native hills. Her
eye sparkled with an inborn eloquence,
as she spoke and laughed with the gen-
tleman by her side. Certainly, he had
seen her before.

"Magnificent! is n't she, Walworth?"
said Colonel Powell, interrupting his
revery.

"Who is she, Colonel?"

"Your arm; I will present you. And
my dear fellow, let me tell you you are
in luck," said Colonel Powell, conduct-
ing Eugene to the peerless lady.

Her eye caught him as he approached;
she blushed, and gazed tenderly upon
him. There was no mistaking that
look.

"Miss Ballard, Mr. Walworth," said
Colonel Powell.

The lady bowed gracefully, and of-
fered him her gloved hand. He pressed
it warmly, and the pressure was re-
turned.

"Evelyn!" murmured he in a low
tone.

"Eugene!" returned she, smiling arch-
ly at his bewildered air.

"What does this mean, Evelyn?"

"Nay, Eugene, you shall know all in
good time."

Eugene examined her card, and found
that her hand was not bespoken in the
next dance; but he did not find that it
had been reserved on purpose for him.

When the dance was over, Eugene,
at her request, accompanied her into a
private parlor in the hotel, where he
found an elderly, rough-looking gen-
tleman in black broadcloth.

"My father," said she, archly.

"Mr. Ballard! is it possible?"

"Fact," said the ex-woodman. "I am
a Mississippi planter just now, and on
your return I should be happy to meet
you on my estate."

"I am utterly confounded," exclaimed
Eugene.

"Well, you needn't be. I bought a
plantation of my friend, Colonel Powell,
about a week after you left the wood-
yard. You see, stranger, you took a
notion to my girl here, and I want to
show folks that she is full as good as the
best of them. And as to money, I'll
bet I can buy your father out, and then
have a dime or two left."

"My father has made our social posi-
tions equal, Eugene," added Evelyn,
smiling, while a deep blush mantled her
peerless brow.

Eugene blushed too as he remembered
the conversation that passed between
them at the wood-yard.

"O, it's all right, young man. You
like the girl, and she likes you; that's
the whole story, I take it, and now you
can send for the parson if you choose,"
said the ex-woodman.

"Pray let me introduce you to my
father," said Eugene.

"Sartin; if you say so."

They were married a short time after,
and returned to the South a wedded
couple, to the entire satisfaction of the
families of both parties. Ben Ballard
never liked the feeling of the black
broadcloth, and once on his plantation,
he threw them all off, and donned the
garb of the wood-man. But he was

esteemed and respected, and in spite of
his repugnance to superfine garments,
was sent to the legislature of his state
at the last session.

A HERO AND HIS GRAVE.—A corres-
pondent at Shepherdstown, Va., who was
a fellow-soldier, has paid the following
brief tribute to a gallant hero, who
now has his grave in the rolling surge
of the Atlantic:

Col. John M. Washington, who was
lost from on board the ill-fated steamer
San Francisco, and whose death will
send a shock to thousands of his friends
in the United States, in Mexico was as
gallant a soldier, as perfect a gentleman,
and as pure a man as ever breathed the
breath of life. I knew him well, Horia-
tio, and believe that if the acts of his
life had been written on his forehead,
he would not have drawn his hat over it.

It will be recollected that he com-
manded the breast-work battery on the
extreme right of our line at the battle
of Buena Vista—where, with his four
guns, he effectually checked every effort
of the enemy to turn his flank. His
other two guns were on the field, under
the command of a subaltern. At the close
of the battle, when the enemy made
his last and expiring effort to re-
cover the day, by the charge of five
thousand lancers upon McKee's Ken-
tucky, and Harding's Illinois Regi-
ments, Washington's guns were loaded
with shell, and fearing that in their ex-
plosion they might injure our own
troops, he deliberately drew every shell,
then reloaded with round shot, and as
the enemy came down on the devoted
regiments, he opened his fire again, and
mowed them down like hay before the
scythe. By this timely and unusual
change of projectiles, he saved the regi-
ments until Bragg's battery came into
action again, which, combining with
Washington's, drove the enemy from the
field and won the day."

SANTA ANNA.—A correspondent of
the New Orleans Delta, writing from
Vera Cruz under date of the 7th inst.,
makes the following statements with
reference to Santa Anna, and two other
men of distinction in Mexico:

Santa Anna's power is increasing to
all appearances—and probably in real-
ity—from day to day. The papers are
filled with new 'adhesions' to the present
plan or 'platform.' Some over-zealous
adherents—imitating the example of
obscure village papers in the United
States, who are anxious to be the first
to hoist the name of a new candidate
for the Presidency—insist upon it, that
nothing less than the conferring of the
title of Emperor upon him, can prove
their sense of what he deserves of his
country. Meanwhile, the recipient of
these honors is paying one of the pen-
alties of greatness. He lives in constant
apprehension of attempts upon his life
by poison—eats nothing but that which
a faithful and devoted sister prepares
and sends to him, carefully locked up in
a large covered tray. It is said that at
his own banquet he dare not eat.

"Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown."

The General Lombardain, recently
dead, is suspected to have been poi-
soned, and the French physician who
attended him during his fatal illness
has been arrested.

Gen. Alvarez, called the chief of the
Pintos, or Painted people, who has been
quite a thorn in the side of Santa Anna,
as well as other Mexican rulers, has
been completely pacified and won over
to the present Government by judicious
and conciliatory measures, among other
things the bestowal upon him of the
Grand Cross of the order of Guadalupe.

WONDERS OF PHILOSOPHY.—The poly-
pus, like the fabled hydra, receives new
life from the knife lifted to destroy it.
The fly spider lays an egg as long as
itself. There are four thousand and
forty-one muscles in the caterpillar.
Hook discovered fourteen thousand mir-
rors in the eye of the drone; and to ef-
fect the respiration of a carp, thirteen
thousand three hundred arteries, ves-
sels, veins, bonds, etc., are necessary.
The body of every spider contains four
little masses pierced with a multitude
of imperceptible holes, each hole per-
mitting the passage of a single thread,
all the threads to the amount of a thou-
sand and to each mass, join together, when
they come out and make the single
thread with which the spider spins its
web, so that what we call the spider's
thread consists of more than four thou-
sand united. Lewenhook, by means of
microscope, observed spiders not bigger
than a grain of sand, who spun thread
so fine that it took four thousand of
them to equal in magnitude a single
hair.

Mr. Horace L. Curtis, a gentle-
man from Gallipolis, Ohio, on Saturday
squared around a peevish citizen, on
Front street, wanting to fight him. Mr.
Frost, the defendant, not feeling like
fighting, declined the invitation. A
policeman came up and took Curtis to
the watch house, where Mr. J. F. Hoy,
gave such an extraordinary good char-
acter of the fighting man, before Judge
Spooner, next morning, that his honor
let him off leniently, on five dollars and
costs.—*On Sun.*

THE LOSS OF A WIFE.—In compari-
son with the loss of a wife, all other
bereavements are trifling. The wife
she who fills so large a space in the do-
mestic heaven; she who busied herself
so unweariedly for the precious ones
around her; bitter, bitter is the tear
that falls upon her cold clay! You
stand beside her coffin and think of the
past. It seems an amber colored path-
way, where the sun shone upon beauti-
ful flowers, or the stars hung glittering
overhead. Fain would the soul linger
there. No thorns are remember above
that sweet clay, save those your hands
may unwillingly have planted. Her
noble, tender heart lies upon to your
innest sigh. You think of her now as
all gentleness, all beauty, all purity.
But she is dead! The dear head that
laid upon your bosom, rests in the still
darkness, upon a pillow of clay. The
hands that have administered so un-
trudgingly, are folded, white and cold,
beneath the gloomy portals. The heart
whose every beat measured an eternity
of love lies under your feet. The flow-
ers she bent over with smiles, bend now
over her in tears, shaking the dew from
their petals, that the verdure may be
kept green and beautiful.

There is no white, arm over your
shoulder; no speaking face to look up
into the eye of Love; no trembling lips
to murmur, "O, it is so sad."

There is so strange a hush in every
room, no light footstep passing around.
No smile to greet you at the nightfall.
And the old clock ticks and strikes, and
ticks—it was such music when she could
hear it. Now it seems a knell on the
hours through which you watched the
shadows of death gathering upon her
sweet face.

And every day the clock repeats that
old story. Many another tale it telleth,
too, of beautiful words and deeds that
are registered above. You feel—O,
how often—that the grave cannot keep
her.

DEADFUL SCENE ON BOARD A SHIP-
WRECKED VESSEL.—It has been already
stated that the ship *Chamney Jerome*
had gone ashore below New York on
Wednesday night, the 11th inst. On
the next day all the passengers, except
ten, and the crew were got on shore and
the ship left by the captain in
charge of the second mate until morn-
ing, in consequence of an increase in
the storm. No sooner had the captain
left than the crew mutinied, broke into
the cabin, robbed trunks, and took pos-
session of a keg of whisky, of which
they drank freely, and the leader,
seizing an axe, declared himself captain.
As all the lower decks were under
water, the remaining passengers were
obliged to take refuge with the seamen
in the fore-cabin; the consequence was,
that as soon as the liquor began to have
its effect, the crowded fore-cabin became
a perfect pandemonium. The wild roar
of the surf, as it rolled over the beach
and dashed against the ship, became
broken with the rioting of the bach-
anals; and soon the whole party became
quarrelsome; and the head fellow be-
gan the fight by attacking a Dutch sail-
or; and the fight became general; fists,